

Her diary

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Category: Magic School Bus

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Characters: OC, V. Frizzle

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-14 04:15:34

Updated: 2016-04-14 04:15:34

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:22:25

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 919

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Trigger warning: cutting and character death.

Her diary

Italics: diary/ memory Regular is happening outside of diary or memory

4/12/16 _We had met here five months ago. I had known how I __**wanted**__ her, wanted every luscious curl and curve. And tonight we sat here, just as attracted to each other as that first day._
"Ryuuka? Pulled from my reminiscing, I turned to her. My prize._
"What's up, beautiful? She blushed a little, already quite rosy from her drink._ "Wanda's mother is here. Let's go."_ To clarify, my beloved Val was a Special Ed teacher at Walkerville Elementary. Wanda happened to be one of her students. We were trying to keep our relationship a secret; Val's idea, not mine. So we needed to leave, pronto. She dragged me to the door, and we started off to our apartment._ _4/13/16_ _She had to go to work. That accursed school was going to be the death of her. I followed her, made sure she stayed safe. This was now a daily routine. When I got to the school, I saw her. She was in some sort of bi-school meeting. She sat in a room with 19 other teachers, one of them I recognized as Seedplot. I looked over to Val. She looked tense, nervous, with a fake smile plastered on her face. I stayed on guard until it was time to leave. When she got home later that night , she had a worried, almost scared look on her face. I asked the dreaded question; What's wrong? She started crying softly, and broke down and told me about the worst part of her life. She told me about her and Seedplot, and the third wheel: abuse. I could see why she had been tense in the meeting. Well, I will protect her. No one will hurt my precious Val. I swear this._ _4/19/16_ _He's stalking her. That bastard! No, I'm not going to let this get to me. I'm going to be her bodyguard. This is what happened:Val and I were out with our friends Anissa and Sierra at our usual bar. Seedplot was sitting a few seats away, badly pretending to read a newspaper. Not even a good alibi, not to mention really

cliche. I dragged the party to our apartment. Poor Val was understandably rather distressed the rest of the night._ _4/21/16_ _He followed us. I'm getting increasingly worried about his intentions. Today we were out at the mall with Sierra and Anissa. Wherever we went, he followed at a distance. In other news, I snuck out and got a ring. Guess what I'm going to do!_ _4/26/16_ _She locked herself in the bathroom. I had been out drinking with Anissa. When I got home, I heard sobbing coming from the bathroom. I rushed to see what was wrong, and was met by a locked door. I quickly kicked it in and found her, razor in hand, sitting on the floor. She had cuts on her arms and blood everywhere._ _4/27/16_ _Val had a kid from her school over today for a private parent-teacher thing. When I heard "Mrs. Frizzle, who is that?" I knew I had to leave. So I hung out at the curbside, watching for a particular stalker. I soon saw him walk toward the house, binoculars around his neck. When he saw me and my death glare, he walked right on by._ _4/30/16_ _Todayâ€| wow. My precious Valerie and Anissa were kidnapped. Guess who by? That man never gives up. I came home after a day of working odd jobs. I found a note on the table that said:_ *_I have your fiance. Meet me at the bar with a million dollars. **_I grabbed an empty briefcase and put a knife in my bra (one of those flip knives, not a kitchen knife). I went to the bar and found him I handed him the briefcase. He accepted it dubiously, and told me to get in his car. I did so, ready to stab him if he pulled anything. He drove me to his house and lead me to his basement, where he was keeping Val and Anissa. Anissa was a terrible sight, shot 32 times in the head and chest and in a pool of her own blood. Val was really shaken up, cringing in the corner, shaking. Val later told me that Anissa had died saving her life. She had jumped in front of Val to prevent Val from being shot. Anyway, when I got down there, the gun was turned on me. I was near enough that I kicked the gun , ran over to Val, picked her up, and out the door we went. As soon as we got home, we called the police. He's going away for a long time. I'm glad this ordeal is over._ _5/30/16_ _Poor Val is still shaken up. It's been a month already. But I'm proposing today. Hope that will cheer her up. I'll write later as to how it went._ I close the diary and think back to yesterday, and what wasn't written. _Valerie Frizzle was going to die. I decided a month ago. Up and out the window. It's a 30-storey drop. Suddenly my beloved's arms are around me. She jumped after me, risking her life. She rolled under meâ€|_ **

>**I jolt out of the memory. How could she have done that for me? Just worthless me! I get up, get ready for Anissa's funeral. Heard the soundtrack is entirely Evanescence. I wonder when my beloved Ryuuka's funeral will be?**

End
file.